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Selected Miscellany.

NEW FACES AND OLD.

BY MRS. M A. KIDDER.

At all times and in all place,
What a sea of human faces
Meet us, greet us, day by day,
As we tread our beaten way!

Some are faces full of care;
Some are plain, and some are fair;
Some are tender, some are cold;
Some are modest, others bold.

But the face that troubles me
More than any that I see
Is the child face full of sadness,
That should portray only gladness.

Little faces come and go,
Pinched with poverty and woe,
In and out the busy throng
Never singing childhood song!

As life's moments swiftly roll,
How these faces haunt the soul!
May they, when all hearts are tried,
Shine as do the glorified!

DEAD AND ALIVE.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

When Edgar Carrol and Irene Hayne plighted over again their troth with the solemn earnestness to lovers in the hour of parting, either would have staked existence on the other's truth.

She parting might be a long one Edgar Carrol was going forth to "seek his fortune," and how long he might be finding it, time alone could tell. That he would one day find it, and return with the right openly to claim of the rich merchant his daughter's hand, he was too sanguine a lover to doubt.

For three years Edgar's letters came, bearing messages of love which seemed so real that Irene could almost fancy them utterred at her side, instead of coming from the other side of the world. At last one came that set her heart in a flutter, and caused a brighter light to sparkle in her eyes. It spoke of her lover's speedy return. Success had crowned his efforts, and at last he might stand, without blushing, in the presence of proud old Walter Hayne, and speak his mind freely.

Then there was an interval in which no letters came. The silence Irene, for a time, interpreted as the best of news. It implied that Edgar was on his way. And she began to count the weeks, and then days—how long they seemed!—which must yet elapse before his coming.

Months passed, and still no tidings. Irene's letters remained unanswered. A prey to the worst forebodings, she tried, in the presence of others, to suppress all outward signs of her trouble, for she had never disclosed to secret of her love save to its object.

At last she could not even hope. Her lover must be dead; she could never believe him faithless. Still she struggled bravely, that the world might not know her sorrow. Her cheek grew paler and her step less elastic, and anxious friends began to shake their heads and hint of failing health. Her father's fears became alarmed. Physicians counselled travel and change of air. The experiment was tried, but without preciptible benefit. When she returned, her face wore a more serene expression, but the grief of which time had only blunted the edge still rankled within.

During the absence of Mr. Hayne and his daughter, a stranger had taken up his abode in the place of their residence.

Who or what Mr. Newcome was, or whence he came, nobody pretended to know; yet every man, woman and child was ready to vouch for his respectability. He was a bacheler and lived alone, rarely appearing in society, yet often enough to avoid the appearance of shunning it. His dress and style of living denoted wealth. His age was that at which men retain the freshness of youth without its frivolity. Some set him down for a student: some for an amateur artist; the young ladies generally for a poet; and all for a gentleman of cultivated manners and independent fortune.

Before Irene's returned, Mr. Newcome had been noted, in his association with ladies, for marked politeness toward all, rather than particular attention to any. But there was something so queenly in the pale faced beauty's dark melancholy eyes that their first glance peculiarly attracted him.

His habits of seclusion were soon measureably abandoned. He was constantly meeting Irene—first by seeming accident at the houses of such friends as she was accustomed to visit, then by direct calls upon herself, approved by her father, into whose good graces the fascinating stranger had spared no pains to make his way.

At one of these interviews she conversation turned upon Australia, where Mr. Newcome had spent some years. In the course of it he mentioned a name which caused Irene to start.

"Edgar—Edgar Carrol! you knew him then?" she managed to say, with effort.

"He was my most intimate friend," replied Mr. Newcome with seeming carelessness, at the same time scanning keenly her agitated face—"that is, until he married."

"Married!" The word died upon her lips.

"It was considered a good match, I believe," Mr. Newcome added, pretending not to notice the effect of his words, "The lady was a wealthy colonist's daughter—and only child, and all that."

The blow fell with cruel force. For a moment Irene's faculties were stunned. She had mourned her lover as dead. She had now a greater grief to bear, he had proved false.

Recovering her self-possesoion by an incredible effort, Irene's composure, during the rest of the conversation, almost convinced Mr. Newcome, observant as he was, that his first conclusion, drawn from the effect produced by Edgar Carrol's name, had been too hasty.

Some months later, when Irene's father hinted that Mr. Newcome had asked permission to become her suitor, and that his own sanction had been already given, he was agreeably surprised at the manner in which the announcement was received. True, he had coupled it with a further hint that the critical condition of his own business affairs made it necessary that he should soon raise a much larger sum of money than his present resources enabled him to command; and though he did *not* hint that, with the wealthy Mr. Newcome for a son in-law, a way of escape might be opened from his embrassment, Irene's quick perception caught his meaning. By sacrificing herself she could serve her father, and, for herself, what did it matter now?

Mr. Newcome's suit was warmly pressed, and met a favorable answer. He was urgent that Irene should name an early day for their union, and she did not oppose his wishes.

* * * * *

It was the evening before the wedding-day, an Mr. Newcome had called to pay his last visit as a wooer.

The apathy of Irene's reception was more than counterbalanced by the warmth of that extended by her father, and Mr. Newcome was well satisfied. He was not an exacting lover, and, we may as well confess it, had little schemes of his own in this marriage. He knew nothing of Mr. Hayne's difficulties, and was quite as quick to appreciate the advantages of having that gentleman for a father-in-law, as the latter had been to perceive the benefits likely to flow from the same relationship.

Irene's face was paler then usual, and her manner more disturbed; but her father was in too high spirits, and Mr. Newcome too polite, to notice the change. The pleasant manner in which these gentlemen got on together, augured well for the future in the mind of each. They were in the midst of an agreeable chat when a visitor was announced, who insisted on seeing Mr. Hayn alone.

To the latter's answer that he was engaged, and must postpone the interview to some more convenient time, the servant brought for reply that the person refused to be sent away, declaring that his bussiness was too pressing to be deferred.

In no gracious mood Mr. Hayne passed into an adjacent apartment, whence loud and excited voices were soon heard.

At the sound of one of them, both Irene and Mr. Newcome started to their feet.

"So the villain is here!" exclaimed Edgar Carrol, thrusting open the door, and advancing in the threatening manner of one about to spring upon and throttle his deadliest enemy. But Irene's white face met his angry gaze, and he stood motionless.

"The relationship soon to exist between that gentleman and myself," interposed M. Hayne, "makes it my duty to see that he is not insulted under my roof."

"And it is that that relationship may be entered into with full knowledge of the truth, that I have come to unmask a villain!" Edgar retorted.

Newcome, for the moment, had believed himself in personal peril, and had shrunk back coweringly; but a moments reflection assured him that in the presence of Mr. Hayne and his daughter, he had no cause for fear.

"My character, I trust, is proof against any calumnies malice may bring against it," he said, with his usual coolness. "If this person has aught whereof to accuse me, let him speak."

"It is for that I am here," replied Edgar, "and a few words will suffice.

"In the distant land to which we had both gone in quest of gold, this man and myself became friends. We shared the same tent, and had no secrets from each other. In treasure seeking I proved the more fortunate of the two, and my gains had already reached the point I had proposed they should attain, when my friend suggested a visit to some unexplored islands, of which he pretended to have heard rumors, and of whose wealth we might become the sole possessors. Though satisfied with my present acquisitions, and impatient of the delay which would result to certain plans of my own, whose accomplishment I had long looked forward to, I acceded to his wishes, hoping, for his sake rather than mine, that fortune might favor the enterprise.

"We fitted out a small vessel, and after a voyage of several days anchored off a thickly wooded island. Leaving the crew on board, my friend and myself went ashore and began our search. In a secluded spot I was felled to the earth by a blow from behind, and left for dead.

"My treacherous friend made haste back to the vessel, reported that we had been attacked by savages, by whom I had been slain, and ordered an immediate return to the port whence we had sailed.

"On reganing consciousness, I found myself alone. I ran to the shore, but the vessel was no longer in sight. How I lived for months on that island, whose sole inhabitant I was; how I found gold there—gold in quantities exceeding my most extravagant dreams, and how I would have given it all for the sight of a human I need not stop to tell.

One day I descried a sail in the distance The sight made me wild with joy. I shouted and signalled, and by every means in my power sought to make my presence known, but still the ship held her course. Frantic with dispair, I rushed into the waves determind to swim toward her while strenght held out, when at length she shortened sail, and I saw a boat lowered from her side. With what heartfelt joy I fell upon the neck of the first rough sailor that sprang ashore, and kissed his weather-beaten cheek!

"I conducted my deliverers to the treasure I had found. There was enough for us all. I returned to find myself robbed of my precious gains, whose place of concealment was known only to myself and him who had sought my life to get possession of them. But the loss I regarded as a trifle. I was now the possessor of treble the amount. You might have been a richer man by honest means, James Newcome, than theft and attempted murder made you."

"These new Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," sneerd Mr. Newcome "will perhaps require some voucher for their truth."

"I will vouch for it," said Irene proudly, "as I will for your falsehood in stating that Edgar Carrol"—taking his hand—"had broken faith with me by becoming the husband of another.

"Yes, Edgar," she continued, "he told me that, and it was only then, and to obey a father's wishes, that I consented to the crime of bestowing my hand without my heart."

"Wretch!" cried Edgar, "you demand proof of what I charge. I have not come without it. I have with me one of the crew who accompanyed us to the island, and who heard the lie you told to account for my disappearance. The laws cannot here call you to account for a crime committed in another country, though they might compel you to disgorge its fruits. Keep them, but on one condition—never again offend her sight or mine by your hated presence!"

The condition was accepted, and faithfully kept.

Irene Caroll is a happy wife now, and never happier then when listening to a chapter from the adventures of her own Robinson Crusoe.

Peeping at the Girls.

A short time ago a few Cincinnatians were on a hunting trip in Indiva. One night they found it convenient to put up at a small country tavern, where the accommodations were somewhat limited, so much so as to compel them all to bunk in one moderate-sized room next to the roof. This being the best they could do, they accepted the conditions without much murmuring, being perfectly effectually tired out with their day's tramp, and after supper retired early.

About ten o'clock they were awakened out of sound slumber by great gayety and laugher proceeding from the room adjoining, occupied by the landlord's three buxom daughters. It was evident, as they were retiring for the night, they were having a high old frollic.

Now the hunters were all young men, and it was very tantalizing to have so much fun going on with only a door intervening. At length one of the hunters whispered to the others:

See there, ther's a knot-hole in the door and we can see all that is going on. Heap of fun there, you bet.

They all looked, and there, sure enough, was what appeared to be a good sized knot-hole, showing the light within the room adjoining to be very bright indeed. A bold hunter crept cautiously out of bed and applied his eye to the knot-hole, but was astonished to find he could see nothing. As he put his head down to look, the knot-hole seemed to disappear. Stepping back a pace or two, there was the knot-hole again.

'What did you see? inquired one of the hunters, who was trembling with curiosity in the bed.

'Didn't see anything,' was the reply. They either took the knot-hole away or plugged it up.'

Then another hunter tried it with like effect. As he stooped to steal a glance at unconscious maidenhood on a frollic, the knot-hole vamoosed. They were greatly puzzled, until one of them cried out:

'See there, boys; look at the roof.

They looked, and the mystery was solved. There was a knot-hole in the board roofing, through which the moon was shining, the light falling upon the door so as to produce the illusion discribed. The hunters slept better after the discovery.

A Petrified Baby.

A petrified baby has been exhumed from a Chicago cemetery. The Times report says: "All save the mother of the little infant stood mutely looking upon it, but she became nearly frantic with excitement from the first moment that the body was exposed to view. She had endeavored to take it from the coffin, crying bitterly, and wildly insisting upon taking it with her to her home. Her husband held her back and would not allow her to remove it. The mother seemed nearly distracted with grief at the thought of its being reinterred. It looked so natural, and beautiful, so like the baby she had placed in the grave ten years ago, that it brought up all her sorrow afresh, as if she was now laying the beloved darling in the earth. The body was removed, with others which the family had come there to exhume to Grabeland and reburried. The family are Swedes, and, it was learned, reside a short distance out of of the city. The child so remarkably preserved has been burried for more than ten years.

M. de Sainte Beuve, the eminent French critic, once fought a duel. When the principles took their positions it was raining hard. Sainte Beuve had his pistol in one hand, and with his other hand he held up his umbrella. The seconds protested. "I have no obection to being killed," said he, "but as to being wet—no."

The Landlord who Couldn't keep People all Night.

A short distance from the city of Mongomery, in the State of Alabama, on one of the stage road leading from the city, lives a jolly landlord by the name of Ford. In fair weather or foul, in hard times or soft, Ford would have his joke. It was a bitter, stormy night, or rather morning, about two hours before day break, he was aroused from his slumbers by loud shoutings and knocks at his door. He turned out, but sorely against his will, and demanded what was the matter. It was as dark as tar, and, as he could see no one, he cried out:

"Who are you, there?"

"Burder, and Yancey, and Elmore, from Mongomery," was the answer, 'on our way to attend Court. We are benighted, and want to stay all night.'

'Very sorry I can't accomodate you so far, gentlemen. Do anything to oblige you, but that's impossible.'

The lawyers, for they were three of the smartest lawyers in the State, and all ready to drop down with fatigue, held a consultation, and then, as they could do no better, and were too tired to go another step, they asked:

"Well, can't you stable our horses and give us chairs and a good fire till morning?"

'Oh yes gentlemen, can do that.'

Our learned and legal friends were soon drying their wet clothes by a bright fire, as they composed themselves the few remaining hours in their chairs dozing and nodding, and now and then swearing a word or two of impatience as they waited till daylight did appear. The longest night has a morning, and at last the sun came along, and in due time a good breakfast made its appearance; but to the surprise of the lawyers, who thought the house was crowded with guests, none but themselves sat down to partake.

"Why, Ford, I thought your house was so full you couldn't give us a bed last night?" said Burder.

"I didn't say so," replied Ford.

"You didn't? What in the name of thunder did you say?"

"You asked me to let you stay here all night, and I said that would be impossible for night was night unto two thirds gone when you came. If you wanted beds, why on earth didn't you say so?"

The lawyers had to give it up. Three of them on one side, and the landlord alone had beat them all.

A gentleman entering an omnibus with a cigar in his hand, was about putting it up, when a lady seized it and threw it out of the window, remarking, "I dislike smokers. they make me ill." At the same moment a fierce little dog sprang up from his feet at him. He bowed very politely, rejoining, "I do not like dogs, they annoy me," and seized the canine by the back of the neck and pitched it after the cigar.

Spinks says he knows just the kind of a house his wife wants, because she has discribed it to him. She wants "a house large enough to accommodate eight persons, with a parlor, dining-room, five bed-rooms, nursery, bath-rooms closets in every celler, basement kitchen, cemetted room and high attics, all on the same floor."

An Ohio woman at a recent prayer meeting made a petition in behalf of a graceless nephew, which, after enunciating his many misdeeds, she concluded with telling the Lord that he (the nephew) came home the other night in a beastly state of intoxication and whistled "Shoo Fly," and to illustrate her meaning, that lady herself whistled that popular air.

"Wife, do you know that I have got the pneumonia? 'New monia, indeed! Such extravagance! You're the spendthriftiest man I ever did see, to go and lay out money for such trash, when I need a new bonnet so much.',

A little girl went into a drug store the other day, and said to the proprietor in a half whisper, "If a good little girl ha'n't got no money, how much chewing gum do you give her for nothing?"

An exuberant youth of Pittsfield said to a supposed friend, "Hello, Joe! Oh, excuse me; I thought you were another man." Laconic stranger—"I am."

Base-ball is of much greater antiquity than is supposed. It was played in the Ark when the dove was "put out on the fly."

A Paris shopkeeper said to an American, "Your countrymen are regarded by us simply as money bags to be plundered."

Long division—Seperation for life.